

NO. 35 00748

FEB. 75/CDC

all new

The FLINTSTONES

and PEBBLES

a Hanna-Barbera Production

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

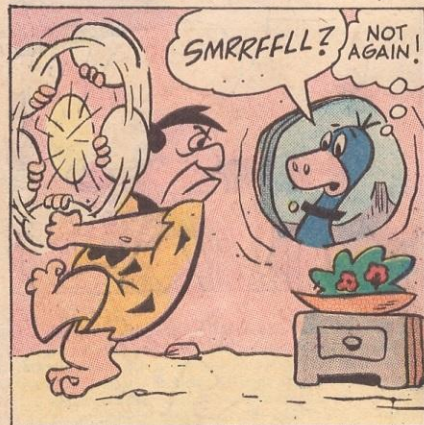


00748

The FLINTSTONES in Sneak Thief



THE FLINTSTONES Vol. 6, No. 35, February, 1975.
 published every six weeks by Charlton Publications, Inc., at The n Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. Second class postage paid at Derby, Conn. 06418. 25¢ per copy. Subscription \$1.75 annually. Printed in U.S.A. George Wildman, Managing Editor. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price. National Advertising Representatives: Dile, 110 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-686-9050). © 1974 HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC. International copyright secured. All rights reserved.





IN THE MORNING....

...AND THERE ISN'T A BITE TO EAT IN THE HOUSE! CAN I BORROW SOME EGGS AND COFFEE AND...

OF COURSE, WILMA! WE'VE GOT TOO MUCH FOOD!



I'M WORRIED ABOUT BARNEY! HE HASN'T EATEN IN A WEEK... BUT HE SEEMS TO GAIN WEIGHT EVERY DAY!



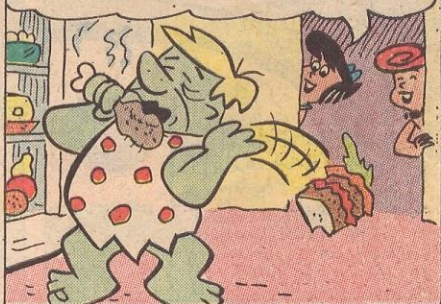
THAT NIGHT, FRED AND DINO KEPT WATCH AS USUAL..

FRED AND DINO ARE ASLEEP AS USUAL... BUT HERE COMES BARNEY!

ZZZZ



THIS IS A GREAT IDEA, WILMA! THE TURKEYSAURUS WITH HOT PEPPER ON IT IS TERRIBLE! THE CAKE WITH THE CASTOR OIL MADE HIM SICK! HE'LL NEVER SLEEPWALK OVER HERE AGAIN!



SO FRED AND DINO FOUND OUT WHO THE THIEF HAD BEEN...

IMAGINE ANYONE SLEEPWALKING AND RAIDING THE ICE BOX?

YEAH, WILMA, IT SURE WAS DUMB!



BUT THAT NIGHT!

ZZZZ RRRKK

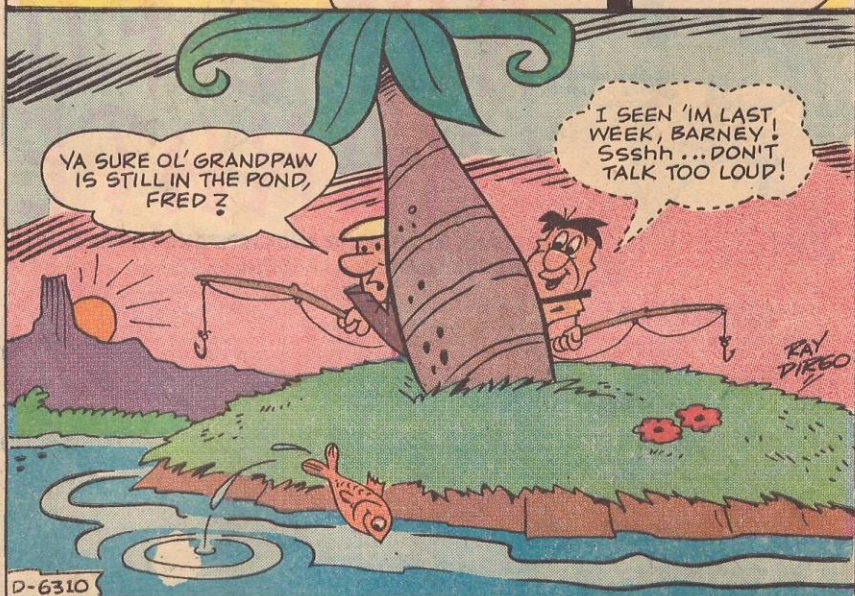
ZZZZ

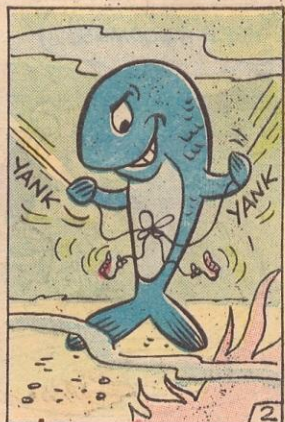
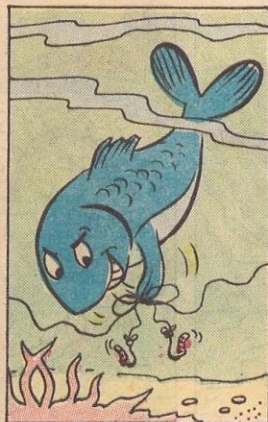


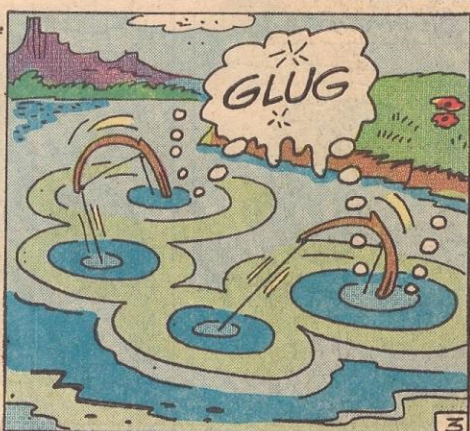
END

The FLINTSTONES

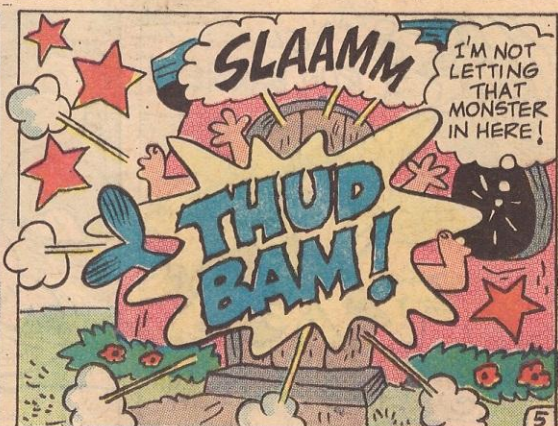
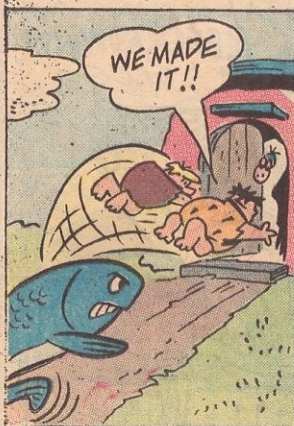
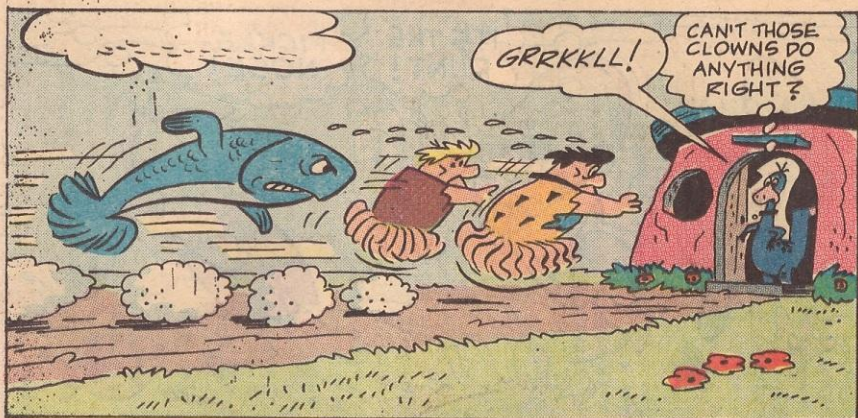
Ol' Grandpaw!













BETTY, THE BOYS FINALLY CAUGHT A FISH! THEY'RE SO EXHAUSTED THEY FELL ASLEEP ON THE FRONT STEPS!

AND WHAT A FISH! WE'LL HAVE A FEAST TONIGHT!



So...

KNOW WHAT I DREAMED, FRED? I DREAMED OL' GRANDPAW...

I DON'T WANTA HEAR IT! I HAD THE SAME DREAM!

HEY, SHORTY...THE GIRLS ARE FRYIN' FISH AN' I'M STARVED!



WELL, WHO CAUGHT THE FISH, FRED, YOU OR BARNEY?

YA MIGHT SAY, IT WAS A JOINT EFFORT!

GRMFF!

OH BROTHER!



SO, AFTER I HOOKED OL' GRANDPAW, FRED HELPED REEL HIM IN!

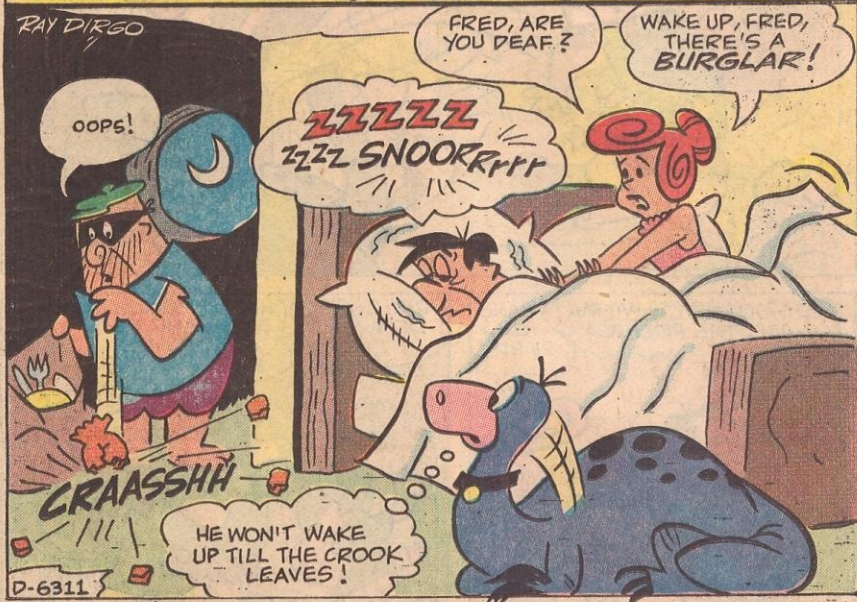
SHUT UP, DINO!

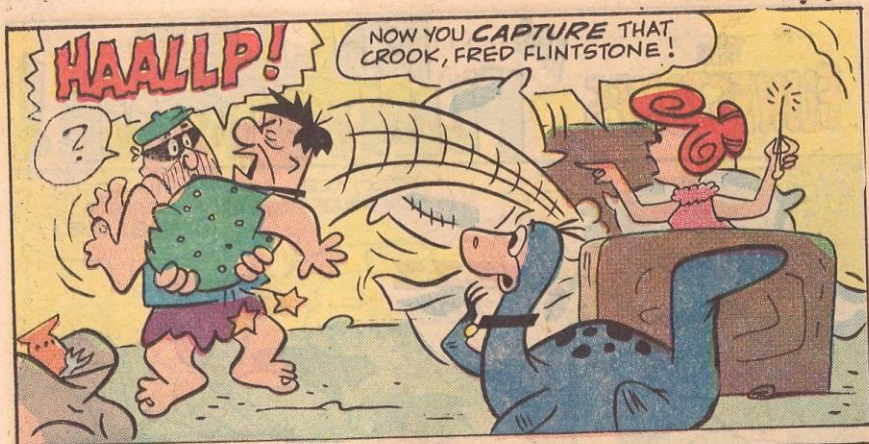
HA HA HA
HEE HEE
HO HO !!

END

The FLINTSTONES IN KILLER FLINTSTONE!

RAY DIRGO





NOW YOU **CAPTURE** THAT CROOK, FRED FLINTSTONE!

HAALLP!

I'VE G-GOT HIM, W-WILMA! C-C-CALL THE POLICE!

HANG ON, FRED!

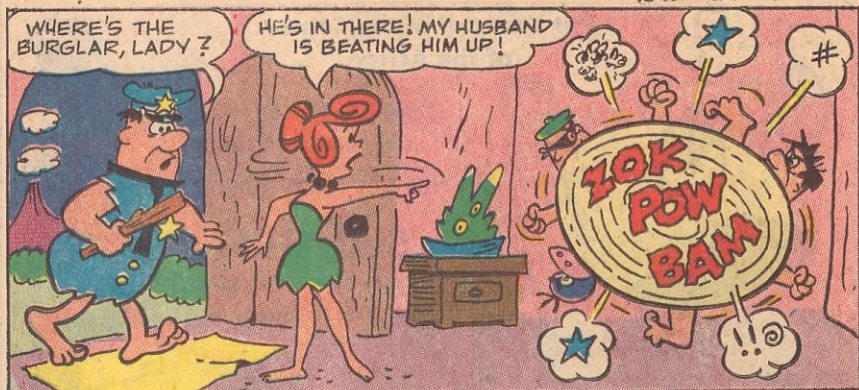


WHAT'S THIS, A BRONTO BONE? OH, WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE THAT TOO! HEH HEH HEH!

GRRRRRR



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE.

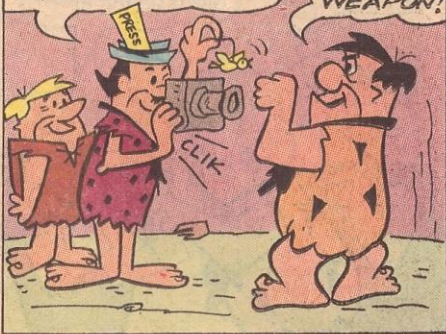


DIDJA REALLY KNOCK OUT SLUGGO MacTUFFY, FRED? GEE, HE'S THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP OF BEDROCK WHEN HE AIN'T IN JAIL!



THE SPORTS EDITOR WANTS A PICTURE OF KILLER FLINTSTONE, THE ONLY MAN WHO EVER KNOCKED OUT SLUGGO MacTUFFY!

THERE IT IS, THAT FIST IS A DEADLY WEAPON!

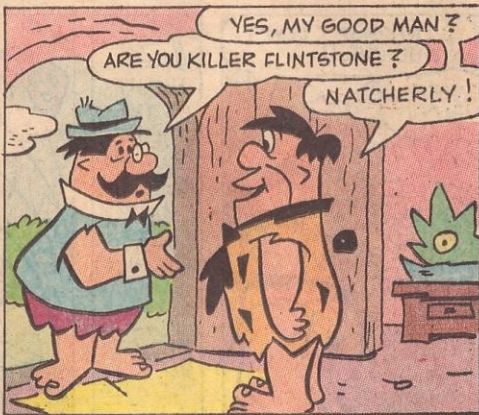


KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK



YES, MY GOOD MAN?
ARE YOU KILLER FLINTSTONE?

NATCHERLY!



I'M GONNA KNOCK YER HEAD OFF, KILLER!
ANY TIME OR ANY PLACE... LIKE RIGHT
HERE, RIGHT NOW!

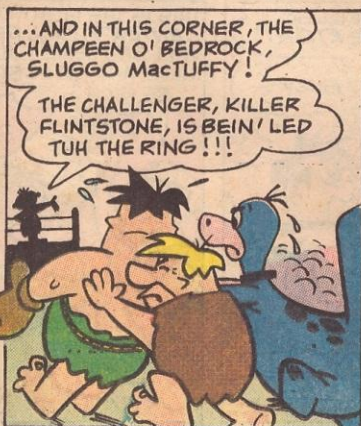
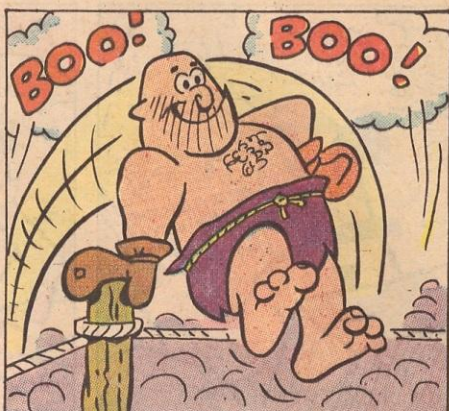
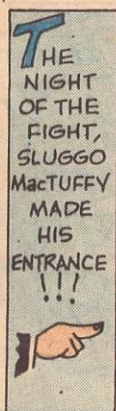
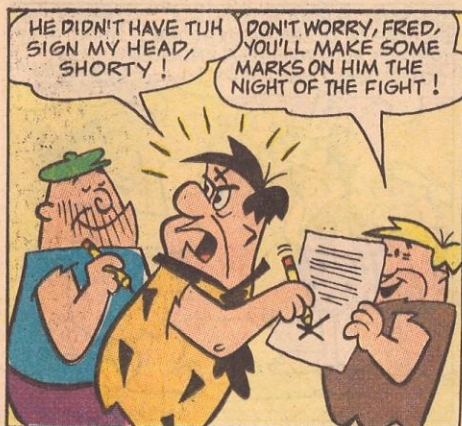
HOLD
IT!

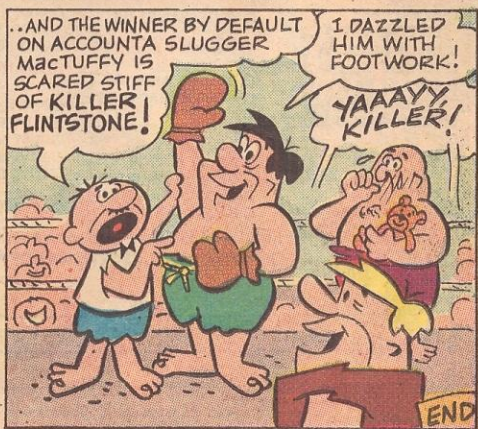
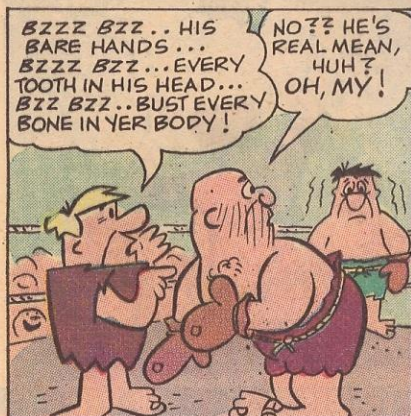


≡GULP≡

THIS IS THE FIGHT OF THE CENTURY! ALL BEDROCK WILL BE THERE! JUST SIGN HERE AND YA'LL BOTH BE RICH!







The Bris-Brac Bridge

ART: FRANK ROBERGE
STORY: NICOLA CUTI



Lok and his niece and nephew, Lili and Kin, had just completed a pleasant visit with their relatives in the village of Bris and were on their way home to their own village of Brac. The only part of the journey which they dreaded was the crossing of Woodyly Stream because the currents were swift and the stream was filled with predatory animals. Bravely they entered their walnut shell boat and Lok dipped the paddle, made of a match stick and a bush leaf, into the clear, running water.

A giant dragonfly skimmed over the water near them, and they held their breath. But the slender insect ignored their tiny craft and flew by them.

"Uncle Lok, look!" cried little Lili.

Lok turned and saw a large fish leap out of the water toward their walnut craft.

"Duck down," he shouted to the children and as the

fish came nearer Lok shoved the paddle into its opened jaws.

The fish was both surprised and angry that it had missed its prey. Furiously, it thrashed about in the stream trying to dislodge the paddle from its mouth; and the waves it made pushed Lok's boat onto the shore.

"We're soaking wet," said Kin. "Mamma is gonna be mad."

"Wet, shmet, we were almost gobbled up by a fish," grumbled Lok. "I'm going to take you two home, and then I'm going to see the Mayor. Something has got to be done about that stream. It's dangerous!"

When Lok went to see the Mayor, the Mayor agreed with him that a better way must be found to cross the stream; but he didn't know how, so he invited the Mayor of Bris to meet with him.

"How about a bridge?" suggested Lok.

"A wonderful idea," said the Mayor of Brac. "We'll even build the bridge, if Bric will pay for it."

"I agree that a bridge is the answer to the problem, but I insist that we build it," said the Mayor of Bric, "and Brac will pay for it."

The two mayors glared angrily at each other. It was obvious to Lok that neither of them was going to give in to the other.



"Why don't you both build the bridge and both pay for half of it," said Lok in compromise.

"Of course," said the two mayors, "that's the answer!"

"We'll both build the Bric Bridge," said the Mayor of Bric.

"You mean the Brac Bridge, my dear fellow," said the Mayor of Brac.

"The Bric-Brac Bridge," said Lok, and reluctantly the two mayors accepted the name.

"Now we must decide on the kind of bridge to build," said the Mayor of Bric. "I lean toward a simple truss bridge or a draw bridge."

"No, no!" said the other mayor. "A suspension bridge will be the only one that will work!"

"Obviously, we must compromise again. We at Bric will build a truss bridge and you at Brac will build a suspension bridge. This way half of our bridge will be truss and half will be suspension and we will both be content. Do you agree?" asked the Mayor of Bric.

"I agree," said the other mayor.

Lok was silent. There was a limit to compromises and he knew that the two mayors should have made a decision. Either type of bridge would have worked out well, but together the bridge would look ridiculous and perhaps not be as strong. At that point, Lok believed that the mayors were elected on their ability to be fools.

Two months later the bridge was completed and the two mayors called a holiday to celebrate the opening of the Bric-Brac Bridge. A red ribbon was stretched across the entrance on the Bric side of the bridge, and a blue ribbon was stretched across the entrance on the Brac side. Little Lili cut the blue ribbon, and the people started to walk over the new bridge. They laughed and sang to the happy tunes which the band played. It was like a big parade.

The Mayor, Lok, Lili and Kin waited for the people from Bric to come across but strangely enough no one came.

"Shouldn't we go see what's keeping them?" asked Kin.

"I think we had better," agreed Lok.

The four of them walked over the bridge until they were half way across, and suddenly they became aware of what was wrong. The two halves of the bridge weren't connected! Bric's half of the Bric-Brac Bridge was higher and to the left of Brac's half. In the distance, Lok could see the people of Bric and Brac floundering in Woody Stream.

"We'd better get some boats in the water and rescue them," said Lok.

"I guess ... uh, we should build another bridge," said the Mayor sheepishly.

"I guess we should elect another mayor," said Lok with a cynical sneer on his face.

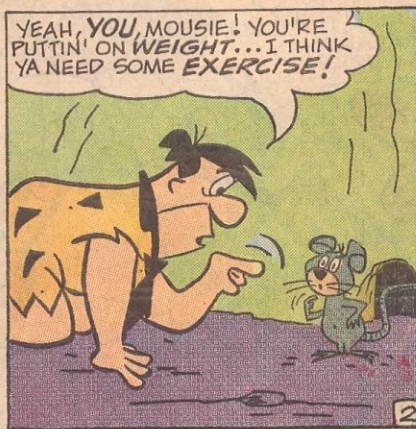
A short time later, Bric and Brac had two new mayors and a new bridge.

END



The FLINTSTONES in Mother's Little Helper





FRED FLINTSTONE, THIS IS THE CRAZIEST... GO GET THE DIRTY CLOTHES, WILMA! YOUR NEW WASHIN' MACHINE IS READY TO GO!



HERE WE GO!



DROP IN THE CLOTHES, WILMA!

EEEK!

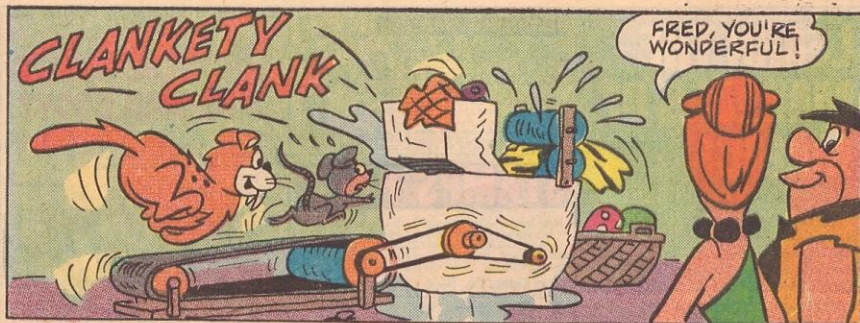


FRED, IT REALLY WORKS.

YABBA-DABBA-DOOO!!

SLOSH-SLOSH





CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE



